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The Last Hundred Days

A DIARY OF
FRANK A. BROWN



Shanghai, 1949



When I went to Asia in 1910 I sent home to friends a little diary of my travels in Japan, Korea, and China—the first hundred days—calling it “THE LOG OF A NEW COMER.” Here is the log of the happenings of the last hundred days spent in China.

—Frank A. Brown

Shanghai

February 21, 1949

The Last Hundred Days

BY FRANK A BROWN

November 9, 1948—Nanking. Mission closed last night; a memorable annual meeting—the last one the Allisons and the Browns will ever attend. I am going back to Suchow, if I can get through the lines. The Fairfields, Episcopal missionaries here at Nanking, graciously offered me hospitality for the night.

November 12—Suchow. Traveled in the caboose of a troop train; 220 miles in 48 hours. About the toughest travel since 1927 when we fled from the Communists when they looted Nanking and killed foreigners. Just as I reached Suchow, the railroad was cut behind me. The battle of Suchow is on.

November 13. Our house does not look like home. An artillery unit has taken over, cut down the fine trees that Estelle Hamilton planted, dug deep fox holes all over the yard, looted our pantry, and planted ten 105 mm. American guns in the yard. But our Christians gave me the warmest welcome I remember ever receiving. Rev. and Mrs. Walter, veteran missionaries of the Northern Presbyterian Church, are holding the fort. Their fellowship is a great asset.

November 14 (Sunday). Our four city churches are well attended. Held our usual afternoon service for English speaking Chinese in Mrs. McFadyen's pleasant rooms. A lay brother from the Catholic Mission came in haste announcing that a plane has just landed, to take south some of their staff and that there is room for us. No thank you. An hour later another plane in charge of an American officer made the same offer. But we cannot leave yet. There are too many reasons for me to mention. The work we are doing is so very important and there are no other candidates for this job right now. So we decide to stay on for the present, though there is a risk of being cut off.

November 15. My bank is closed, manager fled. I will use what little money I have or can get to pay off some departments of the complex work of this station—many things to do at once—

gun fire heavy—wounded pouring in—Communist soldiers within four miles of the big air field—garrison at the coal mines gone over to the enemy so we have no electric lights.

November 16. Today we took stock of our provisions, and fuel, for though we can get along without heating, must have fuel for cooking in case of seige. We raided our friends' pantries. Very thoughtful of that excellent housekeeper, Mrs. McFadyen, to stock up with just the sort of things I like most. Great anxiety in the city, for though the communists who captured the great city of Tsinan, 200 miles north, have treated people well, no one is sure just what they will do here.

November 17. People are digging trenches all over their back yards. They fear bombing by the nationalists is case the city falls. Some time ago I wrote influential friends in the South, suggesting that in case the city is captured they try to persuade the Nationalist army not to bomb their own defenseless civilians, as they did in other cities captured by communists. This city had enough of that when we were under Japanese bombs for 8 months.

November 18. Telegram today from Mr. Lieberman of New York Times who asked for news and said "The whole world is interested in the battle of Suchow." In replying I asked his help in getting doctors, nurses and drugs to us for the wounded soldiers and suggested that he contact Ambassador Stuart.

November 21 (Sunday). We held a service for the artillery unit in our Women's Bible School. A few officers attended but the privates are shy.

November 22. Bank is paying off depositors. So glad I can take a little money to the brave teachers in the Women's Bible School. They are carrying on with the artillerists living on their yard and the big guns at their front door. Yang Da Chie died today, as triumphantly as she has lived. The missionaries who knew her will agree with me that hers was truly a radiant Christian life—for 30 years a nurse and Bible woman in Dr. Nettie Grier's hospital.

Today Walter and I checked up on the emergency hospitals, visiting seven of them accompanied by the highest ranking military doctors. We find these doctors and army officials most cooperative and very grateful. They claim 12,000 wounded. Four

hundred ninety four are lying in our high school, no surgeon, no nurse, almost no drugs. At the big military hospital five miles distant we found the wounded lying so thick on the floors that it was difficult to walk down the halls. I tried to get straw for those in our high school to lie on but failed. We could not do this work, for the distances are great, were it not for the Ford car. The man who cares for it was on the alert and while I was South he had it moved, just in time, into the hospital yard, tearing down the wall and walling it up again. Our good friends the Catholics lent me 30 gallons of gas. We find many opportunities for bringing the MESSAGE. Fortunately we have thousands of copies of John's Gospel beautifully printed in New York especially for soldiers by the Pocket Testament League. Pastor Wang told me of one of his students, a mere lad, who held the hands of a dying soldier, telling him the story of the dying thief, and that the soldier prayed as he passed out. Our students are helping and, of course, our hospital is doing its best with the worst wounded—amputations dreadfully frequent.

November 23. I am spending several nights at the old home, with my robber guests downstairs. Am trying to protect this valuable property—three missionary homes here besides school buildings. I threw a little party for the artillery officers, presented them with nice New Testaments belonging to Mr. Hamilton, and found them willing to talk about religion.

Sent the following telegram to Madame Chiang Kai Shek, through military headquarters here: "Your letter June 15th appreciated. 12,000 soldiers wounded. Fifteen per cent serious. Emergency beyond resources present staff. Need surgeons, nurses, antitetanus, bandages, penicillin, plasma, etc. Please send to army surgeons here. Reference Ambassador Stuart."

Last summer I reported to Madame Chiang the neglected condition of 150 wounded soldiers in my field. She replied graciously with help and invited further reports. Years ago she visited this city during the Japanese bombardment and helped us in evacuating the wounded. Hence the above telegram.

November 24. Visited P.O.W. camp five miles out. These Communist prisoners seem well treated, and eagerly accept our Gospels. I promised to send drugs and dressings. I have found at least one army doctor who says he is operating.

November 25. Thanksgiving Day! We celebrated by having a little fire and a good dinner. Things began to happen. Twenty-five

newspaper men from all over the world arrived by chartered plane, bringing letters and money from Treasurer Stacy Farrior.

November 26. At 3 A.M. Mr. Jahnke from Uncle Sam's Economic Cooperative Administration (Thank God for Uncle Sam) came by special plane bringing 64 boxes of medical supplies for our distribution; Mr. Lieberman's wonderfully quick work. Walter and I conferred with army medical officers and distributed these supplies, keeping some for the four civilian hospitals in the city. Artillery fire steady on two sides of city; rifle fire is also audible.

Received following telegram from Madame Chiang sent just before she left for America: "Telegram just received. Generalissimo issuing orders to army medical. Am asking E.C.A. through Ambassador Stuart and Robt. Lim do everything possible to supply doctors, nurses and medicines. Our heartiest thanks for all you and staff are doing."

November 28. MAIL! A Catholic Father arrived today by plane with money and drugs from Frank, Jr. and comforting letters saying all is well with Mrs. Brown and Frank's family; the first letter in 17 days.

We have decided to leave, if we can get out. Mrs. Brown's and my term of service is up anyway and we must leave by June 1. Today being Sunday I visited the Grier Memorial Church and the North Gate Church giving them goodbye messages. I reminded them how Dr. Grier started one of these churches by standing on the street corner with her nurses singing "Jesus Loves Me", and how Mr. Grier and she started the other in an old temple teaching women how to read the catechism. I begged them not to forget but to follow that example and to colonize (which I fear they have not been zealous to do). There is some advantage in being old, you can hand out advice better—in moderation. The attendance was splendid. They always have more worshippers present than the number of members on the church roll.

November 29. We three visited the big airfield, and talked with American aviators who are evacuating the wounded in large numbers. I wonder if our telegram to Madame Chiang had anything to do with this? It was a brilliant morning and as we stood under the big planes, home seemed very near—two hours to Shanghai! We can get an empty plane almost any night.

Mrs. Walter paid this city the finest compliment I ever heard as she stood beneath the plane and said, "But I don't want to leave this place." The Walters are looking after four great mission stations of their church in Southern Shantung, now bereft of missionaries.

The artillery unit is leaving and a crowd has gathered at our gate ready to loot the premises. I got guards from the police and from Army Headquarters. Moved furniture from our houses outside the city to Mrs. McFadyen's house on the hospital compound. While doing this, retreating soldiers stole the cart I was using. I chased after it, but in vain!

The battle is going badly. We have advanced our leaving time to 18 hours.

At our leaders prayer meeting this afternoon I laid on their hearts the verses the Lord laid on mine fifty years ago—Romans 15:20, 21—reminding them of the four thousand villages in the Suchow field without a single Christian. This is the verse I left with them when we fled in 1927. It is hard to say goodbye when you think of the unfinished task begun by Mrs. Brown in 1909 and by me in 1911, and this goodly fellowship. My heart was too full to say all I wanted to say. Presbytery, in making farewell speeches, asked me how many revolutions, lootings, battles, etc. Suchow had suffered since my arrival. I told them I had counted up to ten such calamities and then lost count. But that was fifteen years ago.

And now! It has been a hard decision to make. Our Christians do not want us to go, for while the missionary is not indispensable, yet the work goes much faster when he is here. There has always been danger ever since the days 52 years ago, when the pioneers Sydenstricker, White and Grier first came at the risk of their lives to this city, and were driven out. The Northern Presbyterian Mission has sent no orders to their missionaries about leaving.

November 30. TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT! All day long parents have been coming to me, with large sums of money to be carried and paid to their children in high school and college in Shanghai. I have received it and then paid it out here in Suchow to schools, students, hospital, presbytery, charity cases, care-takers of our many mission buildings, etc.

When I get to Shanghai I will draw the equivalent sum from Treasurer Lancaster and so pay the children of our Christians in Shanghai for no one wants to carry money through no-man's-land. I have been holding hurried last minute conferences with the leaders of the various departments of the complex work of this large station. We are trying to plan for the future. May the Lord give us wisdom. They insist on our sharing with them a fellowship meal at the hospital, just before leaving.

December 1. Last night was a night "to be much remembered," for it was old Suchow's last night of freedom. I will jot down the events as they occurred.

6:00 P.M. Mrs. Stella Walter arrived at the airport in our car, with some of the baggage. An American pilot is just leaving for Nanking and assures her he will be back in two hours and take us all to Shanghai. By ten o'clock we hope to see the lights of Shanghai.

7:00 P.M. Walter and I arrive with plenty more trunks, bedding and what not. A Catholic priest joins our party. Good company. We hear that a reporter from TIME arrived and left this morning. He got out when the going was good.

8:00 P.M. Nine-Ten o'clock, searching the skies for a plane does not help.

11:00 P.M. A sound of rushing planes, for everything that has wings on this big air field is leaving for the south loaded down with the high command and every soldier that can climb on board.

MIDNIGHT—Walter and I explore the control tower. Lights all on, but instruments and utensils all left in disorder. Men all gone.

2:00 A. M. I investigate the offices downstairs and find them looted, with soldiers prowling around in the dark. I get out, for though I have usually got along well with soldiers of all armies, it is not healthy to meet them when looting in the dark!

The night is cold so we sit out in the car to keep warm. Southward a few miles the flashes of the big guns light up the sky incessantly. The enemy is very near.

DAYBREAK. Two little spotter planes from Nanking circle overhead for reconnaissance. We notice 50 gal. gasoline drums have been placed all around the field close to the empty army trucks that still line the field. It may be that the nationalists are about to bomb with incendiaries and set all the works afire. We move out of range and wait, for our plane that never comes. So back we go homeward. Evidently the Lord still has a work for us to do here.

The roads are crowded with huge retreating armies—trucks, tanks, infantry, one amphibian tank, all mixed together heading for the Southwest. But they will not get far in that direction—rivers to cross, and no bridges, and the Yangtze 300 miles away. There is no panic and no looting except by civilians who are breaking into the military warehouses. Fires are starting up caused by burning gas stocks. A doomed army is in full retreat. The private soldier is brave enough, as Chinese Gordon discovered 100 years ago. But many of the higher officers are cowardly, selfish and inefficient, with the result that the army has no will to fight, as we have known for months past.

Am anxious tonight for this old city. "THEY" arrived before midnight, and went from door to door reassuring the inhabitants. Came to our hospital gate and said they knew there were three Americans here, but not to fear.

December 2. "THEY" put up notices today, promising liberty of worship, protection of property, safety for foreigners, etc. Sounds good.

December 4. Invited the whole station—Mr. and Mrs. Walter—to my birthday party! Mrs. Walter contributed a nut cake from the United States. (Carol Ann, I could not get 72 candles on one cake!) I beat the Walters at Chinese Checkers which is quite an event. "Day By Day" gave me the 27th Psalm for today's reading. Could not have had a more heartening birthday gift. Our family has three birthdays this month (probably four now).

December 5 (Sunday). The acid test. No falling off in fine attendance at our four churches. Even the little English service keeps a-going.

December 6. Visited Catholic Mission, but though they have a radio, they get very little news. Carol Ann, I found your Father's new carom board; thought it was stolen.

December 7. Saturday I found 20 wounded government soldiers on the floor of our gate house. Hospital dares not take them in as regular patients. I called for volunteers and each day we washed their faces. They are almost starving. Hospital gives them a little food, though we have none to spare, and daily dresses their wounds. One of them remarked that he has not been to church in 8 weeks. Sunday we got him an escort and sent him to church. Strange that they are not guarded by the victors. (This is the most merciful war on both sides I have ever known in China.) One of the prisoners is dying of tetanus. I tried to make him a little comfortable—he has no bed. He begged for a little lamp which I gave him. I suppose he does not want to die alone in the dark in the little hut next to the morgue. Hospital has taken in a few such wounded but dares not do it openly. Pastor Tai takes drugs and bandages sent to me and distributes them to four groups of wounded P.O.W.'s in the city. He is well received by the guards. We are doing our best, but it is so little.

December 8. Walter and I visit patients in our wards—just sit by their beds, talk with them, and hand them Gospels and tracts. Seven years ago Dr. Junkin and I were doing this kind of work when we were interned on Pearl Harbor day. It was from this room, where I am writing, that he composed that beautiful letter to his scattered churches which I copied in the sketch I wrote about him. That little pamphlet shows my ideal of a pioneer missionary. It is a comfort to walk down the long wards, so clean and quiet, with the staff working to cure some of the misery amid this cruel war. They are upholding the great tradition of the past 52 years since this hospital was founded. They show the effect of the long years of training by the McFadyens and by Dr. Grier. As you walk at night among these 20 hospital buildings on this compound, and recall their history, you feel that you are on holy ground. Faith built them all—faith of the sending church, faith of the missionaries, faith of the Christian Chinese who are now carrying on.

December 10. Some of our people are getting a bit nervous over an article in the local paper attacking America. But Dr. Liu, our Superintendent of Hospital, gave us this advice: "Now don't fear and don't let your hopes get too high one day and too low the next, and if you need money for food, let me know." Good news reaches us from all over the Suchow field. Besides this city being spared the siege which we dreaded, our Christians and

the church buildings in our fifty out-stations have been marvellously protected. There has been no fighting within ten miles of the city. The pastors are so cheerful and hopeful.

December 11. News from Ed Currie at Haichow 150 miles eastward! Their mechanic and chauffeur, an old friend, brought us an oral message that all is well except that one missionary home was burned down. Ed hopes to get out by Christmas. Heavy gun fire 30 miles S.W.; evidently rear guard action by the retreating army. The newcomers are going in that direction in large numbers. They are disciplined, and march well, being better clothed and equipped than I had expected. It appears that we had better dig in for a long winter. We will begin to ration our food a little, but we have plenty of vitamins. I have already rationed my books, for in returning here from Suchow, I had to travel light. I have Toynbee's "Study of History", Freeman's "Life of Lee", recent theological journals, two devotionals by Robert E. Speer and Stanley Jones, Mrs. Marshall's "Together", and some trash.

December 12. Today I got arrested! On returning from Whiteman Memorial Church today, some sentries grabbed me and took me to two police stations. I talked and talked and think I would have talked myself free. However, two Chinese ladies who happened to be passing by (strangers to me), identified me, and I was immediately released. My captors were polite. We occasionally have "visitors" from the newcomers who ask the usual questions. We think all such investigations are official but cannot be sure. We try in vain to contact the higher authorities to request a pass through the lines to get to Shanghai. We can go anywhere in the city. Merchants are crossing the lines openly, and we have written letters several times, but have not heard whether any of them have gone through. The hardest to bear is the absence of news from the family. Would also like to hear newspaper comments in the United States on the election.

December 15. A preacher from Tsing Kiang Pu brings the distressing news that some of the hospital buildings have been burned, and that Miss Wood and Mrs. Talbot have been forced to flee. In the Sutsien country field three Christian leaders and three children have been killed by shells and bombs.

December 16. Christians from an out-station that Mrs. Brown and I opened up years ago bring me eggs and potatoes. They

are concerned about our food. Many friends inquire about our needs. Such friendship on the part of those whom you would consider desperately poor is very precious. Some Communist soldiers have spoken in a friendly way about the churches in their home towns. An officer told one of our preachers, while standing in his church yard, with shells bursting around them "This nation cannot survive without religion."

December 17. The newcomers have introduced their new currency so now we have to deal with four kinds of money, and as I am treasurer of the hospital in my spare time, it is a headache. "THEY" have taken over the Talbot-Hopkins house. I paid a visit there and to the Women's Bible School. A lovely afternoon, but it was spoiled for me by gun fire from a plane in the western sky just before us. They are strafing locomotives. We have just heard that our good friend the chauffeur, who brought news from Haichow, has been killed by such a plane. This Women's Bible School has reopened with 30 pupils under the courageous leadership of Miss Chen. She is the lady whose testimony will appear in "Day By Day" early in 1949. We are conscious of the prayers of the home Church upholding us and the Church out here.

"I can not tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away
In swift insistence on the memory
Unless there be a need that I should pray.
Dear, do the same for me. If I intrude
Unasked upon you on some crowded day
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray."

—Marianne Farmingham

In preaching, I tell our Christians that though all horizontal roads to our friends in the outside world and to the dear old Church in America are cut off, yet so long as the vertical road to the Throne is open, we need not despair. The illustration seems to appeal to them. And by the way, here in China we talk about the "bamboo curtain" not the "iron curtain."

Christmas. Thank you, Helen McFadyen, for your fine pantry's Christmas dinner. I am sure you had rather we enjoy these good eats than the Communists. Dropped in at the High School this morning to thank Pastor Wang (the principal) for the chicken he sent. School has reopened with 400 students. Found

twenty teachers around a long table celebrating with peanuts and candy, pleasant fellowship. I recalled another snowy day, just 11 years ago, when 5,000 students from our province, entrained here for the far west to serve their country against Japan. Yes, they said, two of the teachers around this table were in that bunch. This afternoon 700 people gathered in one of our city churches to commemorate the day. About a hundred shared in the fine program. And then the gifts poured in—clothes, grain, flour, real silver dollars. All this for the poor. The same thing happened at the Whiteman Memorial and a similar meeting at Grier Memorial. One poor rickshaw cooley, with many mouths to feed at home, gave silver. He is a tither. Such joyful giving warms your heart on a cold day, and makes you feel like shouting Hallelujah.

Tonight the nurses at the hospital put on a good show (mixed with prayer and, of course, a little preaching). They gave pageants of the Nativity, the story of Joseph and his brethren, and some Chinese skits—time, three hours. It was held in the chapel of our Kalazar clinic. The Christians in this city number less than one per cent of the population but they are the salt of the earth.

December 26. In the big, gloomy, fireless church twenty-two new members joined the church today on profession of faith! But hearts were warm. Surely nothing but genuine love for the Saviour would lead these new disciples to make such a brave confession in such a dangerous time.

January 7. Heavy gun fire in Southwest—rear guard action of the defeated army. Planes over our heads are strafing.

January 13. Eight big beautiful four engine bombers, gleaming in the brilliant sunshine circled back and forth this morning while Walter and I were on the street. They bombed the two railroads heavily a mile from us. By two this afternoon 35 wounded were carried to our hospital. Ten died at once, including a woman with a child. I looked in at the operating room where our two surgeons were frightfully busy.

January 14. Visited the mayor's office, asking for a pass. No promise yet. Wounded continue to arrive from all over our field. One has tetanus. Shanghai relief committee left us some 200,000 multi-purpose vitamins, which we are giving away, as food is scarce. "Good morning, have you taken your vitamins?" is

now the proper greeting to our cute little student nurses as we meet. They are learning English. Pastor Tai came this afternoon with a request from Communist Health Department for a few drugs for wounded soldiers and civilians. Fortunately we have a supply sent by relief committee for Honan, but which cannot be shipped there now. Father Schwartz came asking for the gift of a broken-down weapons carrier which was given to us. He wants it for his industrial school so his students will gain practice in taking it apart. He shrewdly remarked: "The Communists approve of this sort of work." Glad to comply. The Catholics have several industrial missionaries. They are ahead of us in several ways.

January 17. First letters from Frank and Mrs. Brown since November. She sailed for the United States 17 days ago! Am gradually recovering from the shock!

January 19. The battle in the Southwest is over. Complete victory for the newcomers. Long trains of prisoners and wounded arrive and pass our door.

January 20. A brave English girl, Miss Saint, R. N., working with the Friends Service Union, arrived today from the far west escorted by a truckload of rough Communist soldiers. They took good care of her and shared their food with her. This food, by the way, was dropped from the air for the beleaguered government troops, but the Communists got it. She is caring for wounded soldiers near the great battle field.

I released to her 40 cases of splendid Red Cross surgical supplies—drugs, bandages, instruments. These have been in my care for months waiting an opportunity to forward them to her in the province of Honan. Miss Saint works through a Chinese interpreter, having been in China only nine months. She will distribute these life saving supplies among various hospitals in Honan province (population 25,000,000). Missionaries all over China are engaged in such service in the name of Christ. The opportunities are boundless.

January 22. Miss Wagner was in today. She is a German lady working under the Northern Presbyterian Board in Shantung province (population 30,000,000). Her 200 little orphans are hungry, being cut off from their Shanghai benefactors. I was able to help her with 200 silver dollars (U.S. \$180.00) from the gifts some of you, dear friends, have been sending us. The Communist

armies have taken over Miss Wagner's station several times during the past fifteen years, always annoying her and sometimes robbing her. Communists come and Communists go but Miss Wagner goes on forever. She never leaves her post.

January 22. Some poor pastors from Shantung who have been refugeeing with us tried to escape southward. Today they returned, having been robbed while trying to cross no-man's-land—a bitter experience in winter weather. A small plane is dropping proclamations from the Nationalist Government telling the people that they are seeking peace with the Communists.

January 23. On my walk today "I went down to the potter's house" that I used to visit when interned by the Japanese in '42. I saw the potter, his wheel, and his lumps of clay. He showed me how he makes the fine vessels which he burns in the kiln on his yard. But I saw no "vessel marred in the hands of the potter." Chinese artizans are very skilful.

February 2. Some time ago I asked one of our Christian teachers to write letters for our soldier-prisoners, to send to their homes. He gladly wrote many.

This morning the father of one of them arrived from his home 400 miles to the north, to take his son back home. He had received one of our letters, not knowing till then whether his son was living or dead. He was the most grateful man you ever saw, for the little we had done for his boy, even tried to "Kow Tow" to me. That's the way it goes. Your Chinese friends do the hard work and the missionary gets the credit!

February 6. Mr. and Mrs. Walter and I visited a country church where the Gospel was first preached by Mrs. Brown and me many years ago. The Communist government has just licensed the new car given our station by our Executive Committee of Foreign Missions. I wanted to see if their soldiers would let us use it. While this is a somewhat risky experiment, sometimes the boldest course is the safest. We found twelve wounded communist soldiers lying on the floor of the little church, so we preached in the yard to a good congregation, with the soldiers respectfully listening in. The young pastor, one of our finest, had already opened the service when we arrived. I said goodbye to these dear friends, and we got back home safely. But it will be a miracle if the Communists do not confiscate this fine Ford.

February 10. Pastor Kan brought a good story from Haichow today. The ranking Communist General invited Ed Currie to a feast sometime ago. Among other subjects they discussed American politics. Said the General, "Mr. Currie, I understand you had a presidential election recently?" "Yes, we did," said Ed. "I believe you had three candidates running—Wallace, Truman and Dewey." "Correct," said Ed. "Well now, Mr. Currie, had you been home which candidate would you have voted for?"

Now the General is all powerful and can do anything for or against Mr. Currie and his friends, that he wants to, and he certainly put Ed on the spot. But Ed looking him squarely in the eye said, "I would have voted for Mr. Truman." "That is all right," said the General, and they discussed other matters.

But after his guest had left, the General called one of his subordinates, and remarked, "That man Currie is tops; if he had told me he would have voted for Wallace I would not have believed him, I would have known he was lying."

February 16. Today the mayor gave me a pass, advising me to go at once, as the army is about to commandeer all trucks for a southern drive. The Walters decided to stay. Ed Currie at Haichow could get over here in one night's ride, but like a good soldier of the Cross has decided to hold the fort all alone. My good friend Father Cossett has brought me a letter introducing and commending me to all the Catholic priests through whose territory I am about to pass. The letter is written in Latin since the Fathers I may meet are of different nationalities—how thoughtful!

February 18. Evening. Left Suchow yesterday at 3:00 P.M. Arrived at Tsing-Kiang-Pu, 150 miles southeast on the Grand Canal. Night travel is safer on account of bombs, and there seems to be no fear of bandits. These roads are usually very dangerous even in day time, but perhaps the bandits have joined the Communist army. With difficulty I got permission to visit the ruins of our famous hospital. One look was enough. All gone; walls and chimneys pointing accusing fingers toward the winter sky. The residences are standing though all the woodwork has been ripped out for fuel. Our buildings in the west end are undamaged. Said the Communist officer, "all this damage was done by government soldiers." "Yes, I know it." The Christians I met on the street, so happy to see a missionary, tell

me they still worship in peace. Poor shepherdless little flock. I had to make a get-away before the higher authorities heard of my presence.

We are traveling in an old creaking army truck. Wish we could have brought our car but the communists would surely "borrow" it. They gave me the best seat which straddles the hoodless engine! When a cable shakes loose you can see the jumping spark at once and fix it! Wonderful to tell, she held together and we made good time, right along the canal, passing many communist soldiers. But by 10:00 P.M. we had to stop, as a big bridge had been blown up by the retreating nationalists.

February 19. Almost through! This morning we took to two small boats. The Communist sentries tried to turn us back, warning us that a traveler ahead had just been shot. Whereupon, our boatman got cold feet and refused to go on. Our hearts almost stood still as we faced the possibility of being sent back over the long trail to Suchow. However, we persuaded them to keep on. As we crossed "no-man's-land" I got out and walked the tow-path with hands raised and hat off. "Halt!" We were in the hands of our friends the government soldiers at last. "What nationality are you?" "American." "Americans are tops. See my sweater, it came from America," said the young officer. As night was falling I asked him to send a sentry on ahead to the next post to inform them. He has agreed.

February 20. (Sunday). As we drifted down the old water way which I first traversed in 1910, taking 30 days to reach Suchow, we held a little song and prayer service. My fellow travelers include some of the best friends I have in the world. They are not fleeing. Some are students, girls and boys, one a mother with two small children, others merchants on a business trip and expecting to return to Suchow. I gave them the outline of a sermon I am preparing for American audiences on the Love of God. It is a lovely fellowship.

Some mean nationalist soldiers stopped us and tried to steal our boat. I called on the officer and with difficulty persuaded him to let us go on.

ONE MORE RIVER and we were across the old Yangtze (a mile broad and 60 feet deep), breathing the sweet air of liberty. We are among our own folks at Chinkiang. The Misses Dunlap,

Wood and Worth are carrying on the work of our great Goldsby King Hospital. It would do our home Church good to see them in action along with the splendid Chinese staff.

Miss Wood has seen her two former hospitals at Sutsien and Tsing-Kiang-Pu burned to the ground, but escaped with some of her staff whom I now meet again working with her here. But she does not look like she needs any sympathy.

February 21. Shanghai! A joyful reunion with Frank and his family. The new baby was born in December. It's a boy! I hear of the prayer my five year old granddaughter has been offering. "Dear God, take care of Grandpa and when you are ready for him to come out, make a way for him to come out." Good theology in that prayer, I think. Reassuring letters from Mrs. Brown who arrived in America January 25. Very thankful for missing that plane and for the privilege of working these hundred days in China. GOD'S TIMING IS BEST!

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